

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

VOL. VI.

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NO. 51.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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A. H. HACKETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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For Sale.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S HORSE.

I have always taken a great interest
in war incidents, and more so, per-
haps, because I wasn't old enough to
put down the rebellion myself. I have
been very eager to get hold of and
heard up in my memory all its gallant
deeds of both sides; and to know the
history of those who figured promi-
nently in that great conflict has been
one of my ambitions.

I have always watched with interest
the steady advancement of Phil
Sheridan, the black-eyed warrior with
the florid face and the Winchester re-
cord. I have also taken some pains to
investigate the later history of the old
Winchester warhorse.

"Old Kienzi died in our stable a few
years after the war," said a Chicago
livery man to me a short time ago.

"General Sheridan left him with us
and instructed us to take good care of
him, which we did, but he got old at
last, and his teeth failed upon him,
and that busted his digestion, and he
kind of died of old age, I reckon."

"How did General Sheridan take it?"

"Oh, well, Phil Sheridan is no school
girl. He didn't turn away when old
Kienzi died and weep the mangle full
of scolding regret. If you know Sheri-
dan, you know he don't rip the line
down of heaven wide open with un-
availing wails. He just told us to
take care of his remains, patted the old
cuss on the head a little, and walked
off. Phil Sheridan don't go around
weeping softly into a pink bordered
wipe when a horse dies. He likes a
good horse, but Kienzi was no Jay-
Eye-See for swiftness, and he was not
the proudest horse you ever see, by no
means."

"Did you read lately how General
Sheridan didn't ride on horseback
since his old warhorse died, and seems
to have lost all interest in horses?"

"No, I never did. He no doubt
would rather ride in a cable car or a
carriage than to jar himself up on a
horse. That's all likely enough; but,
as I say, he's a matter-of-fact little
fighter from Fight-town. He never
stopped to snort and paw up the
ground and sob himself into bronchitis
over old Kienzi. He went right on
about his business, and, like old King
What's-his-Name, he hollered for an-
other horse, and the War Department
never clipped a cog."

Later on I read that the old war-
horse was called Winchester, and that
he was still alive in a blue-grass pa-
sture in Kentucky. The report said
that old Winchester wasn't very col-
ish, and that he was evidently failing.
I gathered the idea that he was wear-
ing store teeth, and that his memory
was a little deficient, but that he
might live yet for years. After that I
met a New York livery stable prince,
at whose palace General Sheridan's well
known Winchester died of botch in '71.
He told me all about it, and how Gen-
eral Sheridan came on from Chicago
at the time and held the old horse's
head in his lap, while the fleet limbs
that flew from Winchester down and
saved the day, stiffened in the great
mysterious repose of death. He said
that Sheridan wept like a child, and
as he told me the touching tale I
wept also. I say I wept. I wept
about a quart, I should say. He said
also that the horse's name wasn't
Winchester nor Kienzi; it was Jim.

I was sorry to know it. Jim is no
name for a warhorse who won a vic-
tory and a marble bust and a poem.
You can't respect a horse much if his
name was Jim.

After that I found out that General
Sheridan's celebrated Winchester horse
was raised in Kentucky; also in
Pennsylvania and Michigan; that he
went out as a volunteer private; that
he was in the regular service prior to
the war, and that he was drafted, and
that he died on the field of battle, in a
sacred pasture, in '73, in great pain
and on Governor's Island; that he was
buried with Masonic honors by the
G. O. Templars and the Grand Army
of the Republic; that he was resurrected
by a medical college and dissected;
that he was cremated in New Orleans
and taxidermied for the Military Mu-
seum at New York. Every little
while I run up against a new fact re-
lative to this noted beast. He has died
in nineteen different states, and been
buried in thirteen different styles,
while his soul goes marching on. Evi-
dently we live in an age of informa-
tion. You can get more information
nowadays, such as it is, than you
know what to do with.—Bill Nye, in
New York Mercury.

The last rail of the main line of the
Mexican Central Railroad was laid on
Saturday, March 28. The completion
of this road, thus making a continuous
line from the United States border at
El Paso, Texas, to the City of Mexico,
is an event of great importance to
both Republics. That it may be the
means of infusing life and good in-
fluence into Mexico is to be ardently
desired.

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BURIED TREASURE.

A Georgia Farmer While Plowing
Turns up a Jug Containing Ninety-
Five Hundred Dollars.

While Mr. Samuel Daniel, a young
farmer, of Island Shoals, Ga., was in
the field plowing, his plow caught in
some obstruction. Urging the mule,
he found the plow had caught in the
handle of a five-gallon jug, which was
slowly pulled out of the ground. The
jug had a cork stopper, sealed with
caulking wax, and a piece of tin doubled
over it with a wire fastened around
it, making it perfectly secure. Mr.
Daniel was anxious to know what was
in the jug, so taking his heel screw off
his plow he twisted off the wire. This
enabled him to take out the cork. He
then placed the jug on a stump, and,
applying his lips, tasted the best
brandy he had ever sampled. So cap-
tivated was he that he drank several
times, and, at last, the liquor over-
coming him, he slipped down asleep at
the foot of the stump. Failing to
come home to dinner his mother went
out to the field after him, when he
was about waking up. Together they
gave the jug another examination,
when Mrs. McDaniel's attention was
attracted to its weight. An investi-
gation showed the presence of 1,900
\$5 gold pieces, making a total of
\$9,500. The mystery was cleared up
in a singular manner. McDaniel's
grandfather was a captain in the
Florida war. It was known that he
was wealthy before he left. On news
of his death in one of the battles with
the Indians, his heirs could find no
trace of his money. The fact that
years after his only grandson and heir
should have found his fortune is a sin-
gular incident. The finding of this
jug leads to the hope that there may
be others, and the plowing of that
field is watched with interest.

A MINE FINDER.

There has recently been invented in
the east a machine which, if it will do
all that its owner and miners who
have tried it say it will, is likely to
revolutionize to a certain extent the
industry of mining as now carried on.
We are told that with it, "all existing
veins or deposits of mineral within
fifty feet of the surface of the earth,
whether there be any outcroppings or
indications visible to the human eye
or not, can be discovered, located and
defined." The prospectus says: "Own-
ers of properties or prospectors, with
this scientific device, can actually
stake out the mineral bearing veins
without the use of drill, shovel or
pick; and in old mines where the
vein has pinched out, and is seem-
ingly lost, the indicator will correctly
demonstrate whether mining should
be continued or abandoned. The ma-
chine is no experiment. The inventor
has given it numerous practical tests,
and demonstrated its utility beyond
question." A perfect map of
every property examined will be
furnished to owners, showing every vein
correctly, giving its width, length,
running course and probable distance
from the surface." There have been
machines invented before claiming to
possess similar merits, but none of
them have proven a success. If this
one does, its owners will soon become
independently rich, and the mining
industry will receive a tremendous
impetus.—Nevada Transcript.

"DERN A MONOPOLY."

[From Drake's Magazine.]

As a Central train approached New
York just after the organization of the
Legislature, the sleeping-car porter
noticed a weak-looking old gentleman
peering around as though in search
for something, and expressing his dis-
appointment in the exclamation:
"Dern a monopoly, anyway!"

"Lost anything?" asked the kind
porter, who hadn't up to that time
been paid for the shine and slap with
the whisk broom.

"Dern a monopoly! No!" replied
the man, continuing his search with
renewed vigor.

The passengers aquired around the
car and tried to see something some-
where that didn't belong there, and
then, notwithstanding they had heard
the question put by the kind-hearted
porter, they asked him if he had lost
anything.

"Dern a monopoly, anyhow!" grun-
ted the old man. "No, I ain't lost
nothing, but this cussed road don't
seem to furnish anything for the com-
fort of passengers! I'm a member of
the Legislature now, and you bet
things are going different with the
railroads of this State, or I'll resign
and leave the business without a quon-
t!"

It is stated that there are 230 horses
in the United States toasting below
2,200, and 2,000 toasting below 2,300.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT MAXEY.

The citizens of Maxey, Graham Co.,
decided to celebrate the 17th of March
in the usual manner, with a pro-
cession, oration, music and a ball.

A meeting was held at Collins' hotel,
and organized by selecting Edward
Mann chairman, pro tem, and Daniel
Boughton, secretary. On motion it
was decided to celebrate the day, and
a finance committee was chosen to
raise funds; they immediately com-
menced their labors, and raised \$230,
the list being headed by P. J. Bolan
with \$25. The financial part being
assured, a committee was appointed
on music and ball. A little confusion
was created by Col. Tom Patterson,
who insisted upon being placed on all
the committees, but upon being prop-
erly rebuked by the chairman, sub-
sided.

The permanent organization was
then completed, as follows: President
of the day, Edward Mann; Vice Presi-
dent, P. Sanfield Cahill; Secretary, M.
O'Donnell; Treasurer, J. D. Collins;
Orator, Col. Tom Patterson;
Poet, Judge P. J. Bolan; Marshal, J.
R. Collins; Reception Committee,
Messrs. Morton, Chase and Parrington.

The commanding officer of the post
detached the 3d cavalry band, who fur-
nished most excellent music for the
procession and ball.

The procession was announced to
start at 11 a. m., but owing to delay
in assigning the divisions, it did not
get under way until nearly 12 o'clock.
The main street was crowded with
women and children, our native pop-
ulation being largely represented. As
the procession marched through the
parade ground at the post, the sight
was brilliant in the extreme; the of-
ficers saluting, their ladies waving
their white handkerchiefs, flags flying,
music and cannon enlivening the
scene. Much credit is due to Marshal
Collins for the judicious manner in
which he arranged the difficulties
with the societies, in the assignment
of positions.

The oration, which was delivered on
the parade ground at the post, was a
masterly effort, and Col. Tom Pat-
terson has reason to feel proud that his
labor was duly appreciated. We can-
not get it in full, as the Colonel has
retained his manuscript, but if he can
be induced to have it published, we
are satisfied that the demand for your
paper would be greatly increased.

The principal streets and buildings
were handsomely decorated. Special
notice should be made of Franklyn's
saloon, which was festooned with
bunting; also of Collins' cereal, the
red walls of which were hung with
red, white and blue bunting, extend-
ing the full length, gathered up with
green rosettes. When the procession
was over, the officers adjourned to the
City Hall, where an elegant collation
was served, and toasts drank and pa-
triotic songs sung.